54.

The Nightingale:

Whoſe curious Notes are here explain'd,
In a dainty Ditty ſweetly fain'd.
To a new and much affected Court Tune.

YOu Gallants that reſort
To Hide Parke or Totnam Court,
To recreate,
And to elevate
your ſences when they are out of date,
Come liſten to my Song,
Which doth belong
to the Nightingales ſweet tongue:
'Tis Muſicke rare (Philomel
To heare this little, pretty, dulcid, dainty
how ſhe makes the Woods for to ring,
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet, ſweet,
Iug, jug, jug, jug, ſweet, jug, jug, jug, jug,
the Nightingale doth ſing.

The Courtiers in their pride,
Walking by the greene Wood ſide,
They doe much admire,
When they heare the Quire,
of little Birds whoſe notes aſpire,
Above all the reſt,
They fancie beſt
the Nightingales ſweet breaſt,
For ſhe doth ſtraine (throat,
Her little pretty, dulcid, dainty, pleaſant
with muſicke fit for a King,
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet, ſweet,
Iug, jug, jug, jug, ſweet, jug, jug, jug, jug,
the Nightingale doth ſing.

The Citizens would faine
Heare Philomels ſweet ſtraine,
But that they feare
When they come there,
the curious conſtant Note to heare,
And therefore they refuſe
And will not uſe
the Woods if they can chuſe,
But yet ſometimes,
This little, pretty, dulcid, dainty dilly,
They delight to heare in the Spring,
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet, ſweet,
Iug, jug, jug, jug, ſweet, jug, jug, jug, jug,
the Nightingale doth ſing.

The Prentices doe ſtray,
Upon the firſt of May,
To meet their Loves
In the gay greene Groves,
where every one their fancie proves,
And with Loves delight,
From morne till night,
they feed their appetite;
And while they woo
This little, pretty, dulcid, dainty creature,
her muſicke to them doth bring,
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet, ſweet,
Iug, jug, jug, jug, ſweet, jug, jug, jug, jug,
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Iug, jug, jug, jug, ſweet, jug, jug, jug, jug,
the Nightingale doth ſing.

The ſecond part. To the ſame Tune.

The honeſt labouring Swaine,
To extenuate his paine
When hee doth plod
To his worke abroad,
His Hay, or Corne, or Wood to load,
It doth joy his heart,
At plough or Cart,
to heare the curious part,
Which among the Quire,
This little pretty, dulcid, dainty Quirister
doth beare, this delight doth bring;
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet, ſweet,
Jug, jug, jug, jug, ſweet, jug, jug, jug, jug,
the Nightingale doth ſing.

The Country Wilke-maids ſwet,
When they goe to milke their Neat,
In a Summers day,
In June or May,
delight to walke ith' Meadowes gay,
They doe thinke it long,
To heare a Song,
from Philomels ſweet tongue,
In April they
Expect this little, pretty, dulcid, dainty bird,
when ſhe firſt proclaimes the Spring,
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet, ſweet,
Jug, jug, jug, jug, ſweet, jug, jug, jug, jug,
the Nightingale doth ſing.

Both men and women goe,
To the greene Wood on a row,
Both old and young
Walke in a throng,
both Lads and Laſſes march along,
In a Sympathy,
For company,
with mirth and jollity.
It is not for Nuts, (Muſician
But to heare this little, pretty, dulcid, dainty
how ſhe makes the Woods for to ring,
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet, ſweet,
Jug, jug, jug, jug, ſweet, jug, jug, jug, jug,
the Nightingale doth ſing.

Thus Country, City and Court,
Unto the Woods reſort,
To pleaſe their minds,
Both Lords and Hinds,
all ſorts according to their kinds,
Walke to take delight,
Both morne and night;
and as they pleaſe their ſight,
Their eares are pleaſed, (Meſſenger
To heare this little, pretty, dulcid, dainty
what wiht for newes ſhe doth bring,
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet, ſweet,
Jug, jug, jug, jug, ſweet, jug, jug, jug, jug,
the Nightingale doth ſing.

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